THE PREACHER ON THE SOAP BOX.

A Charity Carried On at the Worth Monument.

Three men who had dined well stepped out of the Hoffman House last Sunday night. Broadway was in its least attrac tive guise. The day had been divided etween spells of heavy rain and periods of drizzle. Wherever the water could make a puddle in the streets it was as deep as it could be and big drops were splash-

0

ing on these pools.
A carriage with a rubber-coated driver on the seat stood waiting for the diners. Two of them climbed in and the third was about to enter when he was reminded of comething.

"Hold on a minute, boys," he said. "I've got to see a friend." He turned up his collar and crossed the

Where the shadow of the Worth monument falls in that little section of Twentyfifth street between Broadway and Fifth avenue a hundred men were huddled in a square. They stood as close together as they could be orowded, each in that way protecting his fellows to an extent from the rain. The drops hit all heads alike, but the man who had a comrade wedged against him on four sides was far better off than if he had stood alone.

A few feet to the east of this square stood a man on a soap box preaching to a small group of persons who had been halted by curiosity and who from under their um-brellas pulled on their cigars and divided their attention between the solid square and the prescher.

The man on the box recognized the man from the hotel and stepped down.

"Here, my friend," said the newcomer.

"Here's \$6. Send forty of your men to

Instantly the human square was wiggling with excitement. The preacher gave no more heed to his small audience but turned

to the square. A ragged lieutenant step-ped from the curb and faced the prescher and the men of the front ranks of the square crowded forward and passed one by one between the preacher and his adjutant to a clerk, who stood on the curb with a handful of red tickets.

Each man took a ticket and passed hurriedly across Madison Square to one of two lodging houses from which the preacher buys these tickets, each good for a clean

When the forty had been tallied of some thirty more remained. These were now in the front ranks and later arrivals had to form behind them.

The clerk with the tickets looked quite as ragged and unkempt as the ticket reas ragged and timestiple as the time tree ceivers. He were a ginger-hued overcoat and needed a shave eadly. His trousers were frayed and his shoes were so spread and worn and dilapidated thay they seemed to be sponges sucking up the wet from

The clerk of each night's proceeding gets a stoket for his services. But he ceels his position of trust and the import-

After the Hoffman House diner had gone on in his carriage the preacher resumed his sermon to his diminished audience. It is always on the same theme, the fellowship of humanity, that this evangelist preaches. When he came down from the soap box after concluding his sermon,

For a pittance averaging less than \$100

apiece a year, 10,000 men are daily daring prison walls for the cake of smuggling im-ports past the custom officials of the United

a man called him aside and handed him

said he. "Three," said the evangelist, "for I'll divide it among three nickel men."

So the nickel man went to the depths of his trousers pocket and brought forth the nickel.

The third of the nickel men reeled to the side of the clerk, produced his nickel and staggered on through the rain, clinching his ticket.

"Do you help drunken men?" asked a bystander.

"Why not?" asked the evangelist. "Whiskey brought all these fellows here. There are 13,000 saloons in Greater New York and they provide me with my followers.

"Ninety-nine out of every hundred that

and they provide me with my followers.

"Ninety-nine out of every hundred that come to me can trace their outcast state to liquor. And as they go down it hurries them along.

"They get five cents from a man. They need food, but the appetite for liquor is greater than nature's demand for food. They put five cents' worth of horrible whiskey in their empty stomachs and it has as much affect as five drinks of whiskey over there in the Hoffman House would have on a well-fed man."

The evangelist is a burly fellow. Many people have noticed his resemblance to

"I've taken care of hundreds of men on cold and rainy nights. Such a night as this brings them here from all parts of New York.

"When the weather is warm or pleasant I don't get so many. They can sleep in the parks. But to-night if they don't get lodging tickets here, they must walk around Madison Square Garden, where the covvered walks offer protection from the rain, or hide in other protected places.

"Don't imagine that the people who gather around here at night supply money enough to take care of these lodgers. They contribute a very small part. I have my regular patrons whe give the bulk of the money.

"In all the thirteen years I've preached at this spot I never got \$5 in contributions from strangers to my work. I have talked to a crowd of \$60 people and collected only 70 cents from that big assemblage. The men who sak the most questions generally walk away without giving so much as a nickei.

nickel.

"But men of meens from all parts of town who know me and my work know they can

"No. I don't let them work me. Some-times I've seen a fellow get a quarter from a passerby and then try to get a ticket which some other fellow without a cent

a passerby and then try to get a transwhich some other fellow without a cent
should have. I spot him and put him out
of line."

An incident occurred a few minutes later
which illustrated this. While the evangelist was on the soap box, one of the men
ran across the street and touched a pedestrian for some small change. Then he
dashed back to his place.

But the clerk in the ginger coat had seen
it and whispered his information to the
evangelist.

"Git!" said the preacher, and the "ringer"

"Git!" said the preacher, and the "ringer"
passed on.

The men in the human square study the size and composition of the audiences drawn by the preacher, and speculate in whispers on the outcome of each sermon. When the contributor brings out his handful of silver and fingers it over every eye is on him.

"He give him a dollar," whispered the man in the second rank who figured that a dollar would reach him.



A BIT OF HUNGARY SETTLED IN THE FAR NORTHWEST.

Success of a Colony Twenty-five Miles From a Railroad—Hungarian Customs Preserved—Little Contact With the Outside World—Much Wheat Is Raised.

In the eastern part of Assinibola, in the very heart of Canada's great Northwest Territory, Hungarian immigrants have built up a thriving agricultural colony. They got land from the Dominion Government at a triffing cost, founded homes, have prospered and are now sending out to Hungarians in the United States and the mother country copies of a pamphlet prepared by one of the original settlers, Eljin A. Magyar, telling of the remarkable opportunities for success there and giving interesting information about the founding, growth and present conditions of the

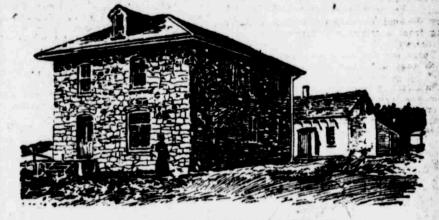
Church and a stone parechial house, which is the finest in the settlement, a post office and two schoolhouses. The Dominion pays two-thirds of the teachers' salaries and the colonists the remainder.

The houses are, of course, scattered over a big area, but even so, the Hungarians kad a pleasant life during the winter months -much pleasanter, in fact, than that of many of the large land-owning Canadians in the same region, who are completely isolated by the very extent of their own acres and have no neighbors within miles of them. For the Hungarians the church serves as a sort of common centre.

There they meet and worship and there they plan their winter entertainments

they plan their winter entertainments and arrange for the summer's harvest. The priest is the nominal head of the community.

The colonists have no stores and provision stations of their own. They carry whatever they need from Whitehead, but that is not much, for they raise their own vegetables and live stock and, besides, during the winter months the wild game with which the country abounds furnishes an unfailing source of supply.



THE PAROCHIAL HOUSE AT KAPOSVAR.

The name of the colony is Esterhaz. It is situated near the borderland of Manitoba, on a wooded plateau, which rises gradually to the north out of the valley of the Qu' Appelle River. The nearest railroad station is Whitehead, twenty-five miles to the south, on the Canadian Pacific.

The colony has a population of more than a thousand, representing 300 families, and other Hungarian settlements are fast springing up around it. It has never felt to any extent the influences which make for the quick assimilation of the foreigners in America, for the settlers come into contact with the outside world, at the most, two or three times a year, when they sell

To make things even more comfortable in the winter, though, the settlers are planning now to build a little village in one section of the colony, near the new branch which the Canadian Pacific is putting in, where they may go to live during the severe weather, returning to the farms in the spring.

The absence of suitable transportation facilities is the greatest drawback which Esterhas has to contend with now, but that objection, it is expected, will be removed before next season's grain is threshed. The construction of the new railroad, although it will destroy somewhat the distinctive influences of the colony, will increase materially the value of the land.

The principal product among the Assiniboian Hungarians is, of course, wheat



A FAMILY PARTY.

their grain or buy their winter supply of provisions.

Strangers scarcely ever visit the place.
The colony has, in fact, grown up with its duction of live stock also are carried.

The colony has, in fact, grown up with its own peculiar customs and practices and with its own Hungarian church and schools, and has come to be known in the Northwest as the Canadian home of the Magyar.

Esterhaz had its beginning in 1885, when four Hungarian immigrants who were exploring the Qu' Appelle Valley, ran on to the fertile plateau on the North. They went to the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Governor General of Canada, and obtained from him the reservation of 125,000 acres of land for Hungarian colonization.

The following year thirty-five families, in all 150 persons, made their way oyerlan



TYPE OF THE COLONY'S HOMES

to the piateau. Each got a farm of 180 acres upon the payment to the Government of an entry fee of \$10.

Cabins were built and the clearing and cultivation of the land undertaken. The first few years at Esterhas are said to have been years of extraordinary suffering and privation, even for pioneers of the Northwest, for the Hungarians, in their inexperience did not know how to avail themselves properly of the natural advantages that were offered Many of them died during the first winter during the first winter Their persevering efforts, however finally

has been a facthoid and ever since there has been a steady development of the colony,

Me sent and copy and a few have even a prosperous appendance. The settlement has a Monnat furticity

The first year or so they just about sea expenses and then as the land gets break in they begin to turn a profit. None who have been there for only a few years are said now to be worth several thousand dollars. Very few have the entire series in working shape. The population of the settlement has doubted in the last three years and the prospects are the many new immigrants will go in new summer.

Each of the cotonists for the most parties his own form implements. In the most parties his own form implements. In the matter of binders and such things, thousand two or three sometimes own one tengents; two or three sometimes own one tengents; the cointry and tigst making machine is the cointry and tigst making the round a get the farme. If is owned and opening the first paround of the another of the region of the another of the trip around the amendment of the trip around the settlement.

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THE PREACHER ON THE SOAP BOX, HIS AUDIENCE AND THE MEN TO WHOM HE SUPPLIES LODGINGS.

"What's a nickel man?" asked the giver.

"They are the fellows who have five cents each and come here to get the other 10 cents each for a bed. Here, you nickel men!" he cried, and three tramps pushed forward.

The evangelist motioned to the clerk who stood on the curb, his hands buried in the pockets of the ginger-colored coat. The first of the nickel men showed five cents, which the clerk took and issued a red ticket. The second held out a bare hand. The clerk gased stolidly at him and made no move toward the deep pocket.

"I'll keep that nickel for a cup o' coffee," explained the second nickel man.

"Produce!" was the hoarse command from the recesses of the ginger coat. "Produce! None o' that."

Police Commissioner Greene. He is not so tall as the Commissioner, but otherwise he looks much like him. He is heavier, but he has the same hair and mustache. No sort of weather bothers him. He is safely clad in water proof coat and galoches, but he stands bareheaded in the rain for half an hour at a time while he addresses his transient congregation.

"I've been here thirteen years," said he, "and I haven't had to miss a night for sickness. This soap box is my pulpit. I preach no creed but that of humanity and God. I know no denomination."

"I spend my days visiting the hospitals and the prisons. Every Wednesday and Sunday night I am right here. I've worn out a good many soap boxes in thirteen years and I've met a world of people.

find me here on Wednesday and Friday nights and they drop around and say: Here's \$7.50. Put fifty of them to bed."

"Often on the worst of nights in winter a man who lives at the Hoffman House ownes over and hands me five or ten dollars. I've sent a hundred of the shivering fellows to bed at ence."

"What have these men had to eat today?"

"Some of them have begged food or money to buy it with. Some haven't eaten at all. If they get tickets here they'll go down to the Fleischmann bread line at midnight. I stay here until 12:30 o'clock and those who aren't provided for by that time must sleep out."

"Don't you get the same men night after night?"

"Naw, it was a quarter," said a man behind him. "He was the only feller to give up,"

"He was the only feller to give up," chirped a third.

"What? Didn't the girl give anything?" asked another joining in the discussion.

"The preacher's bad to-night," observed a man in the rear rank.

"Bad, nuthin!" cried a defender. "It's a hard night and the guys that stop ain't got much more than we've got."

Of the Sunday street evangelists the Worth Monument man is now the most conspicuous. The Subway work around City Hall Park practically destroyed the congregation that used to attend the longhaired enthusiast who spoke every Sunday afternoon from the City Hall steps. He is no longer a regular.

NO REAL VIOLIN MAKERS HERE

pronounced it a gradual pronounced it a gradual to give Guimonda no credit for it.

"Later on Guimonda showed me the instrument and told me that he made it. I looked it over and told him that the head of the maker of that instrument would never ache again. He protested that it was his work, but I was sure that I was right.

"Working with Hill in London I had occasion, in repairing, to take apart violins made by most of the great makers. At that work I came to know the characteristics of makers whose names stand for all that is great in violins and I saw some of the traits of Guarnerius in the violin which Guimonda said he made. There are little tricks about the joining, little touches in finish and model, that cannot be disputed and it was by them that Hill made his decision.

chance, wrap the hunds around their bodies AN ARMY OF 10,000 SMUGGLERS and then slip ashors and dispose of them to one of the many fences with whom they ATTEMPTS TO EVADE UNCLE SAM'S CUSTOM OFFICERS.

The fence is generally a sailormen's saloon-keeper. The money he pays out for the smuggled goods he can usually count upon getting back over his bar. But sometimes the sailormen grow tired of this sort of game and turn on the fence, as in the following The Profits Britmated at Less Than 8750. 000 a Year—dan Francisco the Chief Scene of Operations—Much Smuggling Done by Salle re—Some III Luck.

A dosen satiormen of a certain ship A dosen satiormen of a certain ship brought over about \$600 worth of Sumatra tobacco in the coal bunkers. This they wrapped around their bodies a little at a time for several nights and carried to a fence.

On the night that the last of the tobacco This army of emugglers, according to the Washington official who furnished the data given here, is made up of sailormen who are largely employed to bring the goods to ports, small boatmen who meet the ships when in sight of port and pick up

wrapped around time to characteristics of the United States.

This army of emuggiers, according to the Washington official who furnished the data given here, is made up of selformen who are largely employed to bring the goods to ports, small boatmen who meet the ships when in sight of port and pick up the tarpaulin-covered cases thrown overboard, fenese in all the more important ports of entry, and many a tobacco and liquor dealer both on this and the other side of the Atlantic, whose lines of goods are those chiefly smuggled

These men engage in smuggling pure and simple. They have nothing to do with getting undervalued goods through the customs officials for every cent there is in the game, and they come anything less.

But exposed as vire the thousands of miles of evaboard of the United States, the best that the sampgiers can do is to chest the others of the samplers can do is to chest the Government out of considerably less than out-half of 1 per cent of the total smount of deties annually levied and collected

Small as this \$1,000,000 essens when compared with the \$100,000 worth of imports, that sum is eventually diminished man-fought by the uncoming of the customs department, so that if the net profits of smuggling more and single through the customs department, so that if the net profits of smuggling more and single through the customs department, so that if the net profits of smuggling states and states of the sampling the customs department, so that if the net profits of smuggling states and states of smuggling states and states of smuggling states and states of the sampling to do much as single sampling states and states of the sampling states and stat

sleuths in his service, but they proved to be hand in glove with crooked importers and smugglers. When this was found out the system was made strictly Yankee in

be hand in glove with crooked importers and smugglers. When this was found out the system was made strictly Yankee in character.

One of the clever games of the American detective abroad is to turn smuggler himself, with the connivance of his superiors, in order to catch the crooks. Just at present the Government is working a somewhat similar trick at ports where goods are being entered at gross undervaluations.

Contrary to popular opinion, scarcely any smuggling of jewels is attempted by American houses. Foreign dealers usually engage in this work and trust agents to dispose of the precious stones in the best way that they can.

This is not always an easy task, for the more reputable domestic firms demand a history of the jewels before agreeing to purchase them. Of late years the American lapidary has been more cautious than ever before, with the result that attempts to get in diamonds and other stones duty free are becoming more and more rare. It would seem that this field is now limited to rich Americans who bring back necklaces and other trinkets for their wives and daughters.

The customs officials tell a story of a South American who, not knowing that uncut precious stones are duty free, went to the trouble of smuggling in a lot of them. Then he engaged a fellow countryman in New York to dispose of them, agreeing to pay him \$16 for the task.

Instead of playing fair with his employer, the agent at once hastened to the Custom House and sought out an official.

I can tell you of a man, he confided who has smuggled in some emeralds and has employed me to sell them. If you will give me \$20 I'll tell you who he is and where you can arrest him.

Emeralds, eld, saked the official fount of them. The official laughed.

My dear sir, he said, so back to your employer and tell him that he has uncleasily smuggled in his emeralds for when they are unauf, as in this case, the law lets them in duty free.

But while attempts to saturagie in nany other articles of there and a short thair remains and analysis.

Promo the fluction Francestos

A physician of experience in exemining
conditiones for civil nervice places belie of
one sings who catus my year after year and
one always found one-half tools below the

THAT IS THE ASSERTION OF ONE IN THE TRADE.

Violine Imported in the Rough, He Says, and Merely Finished Here—The Cheap Fiddles of Germany—Tricks of Makers—Art in Profucing Good Bows.

The newspapers recently recorded the death of a Brooklynite who was said to be one of the oldest violin makers in the United States. That statement has moved a man who is of the fifth generation of a family who is of the fifth generation of a family of violin makers to assert that there are no violin makers in this country. The man whe makes this declaration formerly worked for the late William Elementh Hill of London, who was considered to be the greatest expert on the subject of violins of his time.

"We read every little while," he said, "that some noted American violin maker is dead. Now there aren't any violin

"that some noted American violin maker is dead. Now, there aren't any violin makers in this country in the true sense of the word; at least, there are only a very few and none of them, akes an instrument that is really good.

"There are a good many signs bearing the words 'violin maker' outside shops in this town. I've got such a one in front of my establishment, but we don't make vio-

the words 'violin maker' outside shops in this town. I've got such a one in front of my establishment, but we don't make violins any more. There is no money in them.

"What I do, and what most, if not all, the other alleged makers do; is to import violins in the rough and tinker them up, remodel and finish them and sell them as our own, with a date and label inside telling that they are of a celebrated model.

"The inst violin I made was finished about ten years ago. It kept me busy for ten days and I got only a little more than \$100 for it. But I can import from Germany a good violin in the rough for \$10. fix it up with no great amount of work and sell it for \$20. That's what these other makers do too, along with violin supairing, which pays pretty well.

"The trouble is that we can't compete sate the chasp labor of Germany. I don't suppose you would believe it, but I can buy all the violine I wast in termany for so ments apiece.

buy all the victims I went in thermany for an aucto appear.

"Fire or all different men make the party in them that they factories and they there in them out very fast. The markings got very anali pay and their victim contents got the contents of their victim contents to the contents of their victims and they are the form they are charged with the fast panel that they are charge, but the fast man also make good except that they are charge, but the fast man also make good instruments and have the and much charge that the fast man also the test instruments and have the and Price to the test to the fast the fast man also the fast man the

authorities had Hill, with whom I worked on the other side, come and look at it. He pronounced it a genuine Guarnerius, and the authorities decided to give Guimonda

in finish and model, that cannot be disputed and it was by them that Hill made his decision.

"Although we don't make violins in this country, we do make bows which have as much to do with a good tone as the instrument itself. There is more money in bows and there is more art in them than in a violin.

"I get as much as \$100 for my best bows, which are mounted with tortoise shell and solid gold. At present I am making a lot of bows which depart radically from anything that has gone before.

"All the bows you usually see are made of Brazil wood. These new ones are constructed of Malacca cane glued in six strips like a split hamboo fishing rod and spliced to a tip and frog made of Brazil wood. A lot of work is required to finish one of them, but when completed it is tough as steel, will not warp, weighs only are ounce and will improve with age.

"Strength and lightness are the vital points of a how. Of course it must have the proper bend, but it must not weigh more than an ounce and a half and the tip and frog must be constructed on a perfectly straight line. There's a lot of art in the bow, I tell you.

"We have been making them in our family for five generations, each generation following the traditions of our forefathers and, we think, improving a little all the time. There has conference the base has a fail the street.

From the Washington For Frincisco extends are besteville the and it long the terms Statemen in Ches i Long the new Section from Basins & the country which his district contract and it is an absence; for the district contract and it is an absence; for the district contract and it is an absence; for the district contract and it is an absence; for the country of the country of the section of the section of the country.

taken up Fourteen thousand nove have taken up Fourteen thousand nove have teen tenord and are their 200 homestands in the colorly Most of the house are made of logs or pineter, any story high, but all

Primate of Mine Factory Livership, the tritest Factor order, are making an effect to seather market be related by eighty factor to be better the season on March 24. Ea-Premisent modered has orition law this interthe base there have the conservations and the conservations are a properly been been also described to the conservations and the conservations are conservations and conservations are conservations are conservations are conservations and conservations are conservations are conservations and conservations are conservations.